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1919

LIBRETTO AND LYRICS ONLY

Mam'zelle Taps or The Silver Bugler

*American-Anglo-French Operetta In a
Prologue and Two Acts*



Written and Composed by

ARTHUR A. PENN

*uthor and Composer of "Yokohama Maid", "The Lass of
Limerick Town", "Captain Crossbones", Etc.*

Vocal Score and Libretto, complete.....\$1.50
Separate Vocal Numbers, each..... .40
Stage Director's Book..... 1.00

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CAST

COL. PIQUET, retired (<i>baritone</i>)	Who owns the Chateau
MARIE (<i>soprano</i>)	His Daughter
JEAN PIQUET (<i>light tenor</i>)	Her Cousin
PRIVATE ALONZO MILLS (<i>light tenor</i>)	Of the A. E. F.
PRIVATE FREDERICK BULL (<i>baritone</i>)	Of the British Army
AUNT JOSEPHINE (<i>contralto</i>)	Col. Piquet's Housekeeper
THE DUCHESS OF DONCHESTER (<i>mezzo</i>)	A Foe to Nicotine
LIZZIE (<i>mezzo</i>)	Of the "Tommywaacs"
CHARLOTTE (<i>mezzo</i>)	A Nurse
EDMUND POMPOUS (<i>bass</i>)	A Shakespearian Tragedian
LEWIS POTTER (<i>baritone</i>)	A Motion Picture Photographer
CAPT. GRINGO (<i>bass-baritone</i>)	A Spy
CHORUS of Girls, Old Men, Wounded Soldiers, "Tommywaacs," Etc.	

SCENES

PROLOGUE—Garden and Terrace of the Chateau Piquet. The summer of 1915.
Evening.

ACT I—The same. 1917. Noon.

ACT II—Outside a Convalescent Hospital near Paris. Two weeks later. After-
noon.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

PROLOGUE

OVERTURE.

1. TRIO (Col. Piquet, Aunt Josephine and Marie),
"Evening Shadows Creeping"
2. SONG (Marie) "If I'd Been Born a Man!"

ACT I

3. OPENING CHORUS AND SOLO (Charlotte),
"Marie! Marie! Marie!"
4. DUET (Charlotte and Aunt Josephine)..... "The Great Red Cross"
5. SONG (Col. Piquet and Chorus)..... "Glorious Allies!"
6. TRIO (Jean, Frederick and Alonzo)..... "One, Two, Three Musketeers"
7. SONG (Alonzo) "What Did She Say to Me?"
8. SEXTETTE (Gringo, Jean, Frederick, Alonzo, Pompous, and
the Duchess) "Take a Puff!"
9. CHORUS "Signs Are Oft Deceiving"
10. DUET (Marie and Col. Piquet),
"When the Bugle Sends Its Martial Notes Abroad"
11. QUARTETTE (Alonzo, Frederick, Jean and Marie),
"'Twill Be Merry, Very Merry For Us All!"
12. FINALE "Tell It Again"

ACT II

13. PRELUDE AND OPENING,
"It's All Very Well To Be a Convalescent"
- 13a. SONG (Lizzie and Chorus)..... "If She'll Only Throw a Smile at You!"
14. DUET (Marie and Potter).... "Here's to the Women, Bless Their Hearts!"
15. QUARTETTE (Marie, Aunt Josephine, Col. Piquet and Potter),
"When They Throw the World Upon the Screen"
16. DUET (Lizzie and Frederick)..... "When the Skies are Blue Once More"
17. SONG (Charlotte) "How Can a Maid Reveal Her Love?"

18. TRIO (Alonzo, Gringo and Marie).....*"Two is Company, Three is None"*
 19. ENSEMBLE*"Brave Captain Gringo!"*
 20. DUET (Col. Piquet and Aunt Josephine).....*"Weeds"*
 21. QUINTET (Alonzo, Frederick, Jean, Charlotte and Lizzie),
 "One Little, Two Little, Three Little, Four Little, Five Little
 Would-Be Lovers"
 22. DUET (Alonzo and Marie)*"I Hear the Bells"*
 23. FINALE ULTIMO

PROLOGUE

(*Garden of the Chateau Piquet. Evening. The sun has just set. Col. Piquet and Marie are close together, near steps leading to door of house, and Aunt Josephine is L.*)

No. 1. TRIO (Col. Piquet, Aunt Josephine and Marie)

All Three

Evening shadows creeping through the garden,
 Chilly grows the air, soft mists arise:
 Time to be retiring from the garden
 Ere the summer day in darkness dies!

Aunt Josephine

Hark to the sound of the Angelus bell,
 Ringing its tidings that all is well!

Col. Piquet

Good for Aunt Josephine!
 Always calm and serene!

All Three

France will not falter and nothing shall alter
 The courage and calm of her mien!
 Evening shadows creeping,

Etc.

Though the sun may set in the golden west,
 And the summer day be dying,
 The heart that hopes is the happiest,—
 Not the heart that's forever sighing!
 Though the sand in the glass may never rest,
 Yet the world shall ne'er forget:
 Though the sun may set in the golden west,
 The sun of France shall never set!

COL. P. We should be going indoors, Marie. We can receive Capt. Gringo in the house.

MARIE. He will not be here today.

AUNT J. Small loss, say I!

MARIE. It is a blessed relief. I dislike him and I wish heartily he would cease to annoy me with his attentions.

COL. P. You do not favor him, Marie?

MARIE (*scornfully*). Favor him? I hate him! There is something about him that I mistrust.

COL. P. Strange! I also have long felt some suspicion of him. Why, I do not know. But it is there nevertheless.

AUNT J. I should not be surprised if Capt. Gringo were a spy.

MARIE. A spy!

COL. P. Tut, tut! He is a gallant French officer! Aunt Josephine.

AUNT J. (*knowingly*). That's as may be. Nevertheless, I knew his parents years ago, and certainly his mother was no daughter of France!

COL. P. His father was from Algiers, I think.

AUNT J. True. And his mother from Dresden.

MARIE. I knew it! Knew there was *something*!

AUNT J. (*going into house*). Our Marie will hardly be content with such a husband.

MARIE (*scornfully*). Have no fear! I know not who my husband may be, but certainly he is no Capt. Gringo!

AUNT J. (*smiling, as she enters the house*). That is well!

COL. P. Alas, I mistrust the outlook sadly. (*He seats himself on bench.*)

MARIE (*with spirit*). But not for France, father!

COL. P. God forbid! For you, I meant.

MARIE. Never mind me. I can take care of myself.

COL. P. I believe you, *ma chérie*. I could even content my heart at the thought of blindness had I but a son to carry on the records of the Piquet family in the past.

MARIE. Now, father it is no use to wish that. You have no son, nor I a brother, and yet it is not impossible for us to do something more for France than hope and pray for her!

COL. P. (*rising, as Marie takes his hand and leads him towards door of house*). What mean you, Marie, child? Who is there in our family able to fight now?

MARIE (*dropping his hand and standing erect*). I, father!

COL. P. (*smiles, and takes seat near door*). Then let us hear all about it!

MARIE. It is easy. I will get into the army by hook or by crook. Trust me, I'll manage it in some way. It is merely an accident that I was born a girl. It shall make no difference. I will uphold the honor of the Piquets, regardless of sex!

COL. P. (*still smiling, but regarding her hopefully*). I know you would if you could!

MARIE. Very well, you shall see! And that is not all. I will find out about Capt. Gringo.

COL. P. What of *him*?

MARIE. If he is a spy, I shall denounce him. But not before I have the evidence, of course.

COL. P. Very well. But how?

MARIE. How does any woman succeed with a man who is eager to marry her?

COL. P. I see.

MARIE. Of course you do! And you will let me go?

COL. P. (*placing his hand on her arm*). What shall I say?

AUNT J. (*calling from within house*). Colonel Piquet! If you have no thought for the rheumatics, at least have some for me!

MARIE. You must obey, father! From now on, I will command! (*She kisses him and takes him to the door, through which he enters and disappears*).

No. 2. SONG (*Marie*)

In fancy I can hear the bugle calling—
 Its clarion notes are all addressed to me!
 I go 'mid dangers grave and scenes appalling,
 To help to keep my native land—
 The land I love all else above—
 To help to keep it free!
Vive la France! Vive la France!
 Oh, the spirit's willing
 And my breast is filling

With the thought that I shall soon be doing
 All that I can!
 What deeds of daring,
 Naught for danger caring,
 Would I undertake for France's sake,
 If I'd been born a man!

(CURTAIN)

ACT I

(Garden of the Chateau Piquet. Noon. When the curtain rises, the members of the Chorus—girls of the village, some in farmerette costumes, and the men, all elderly—are grouped about the stage. The steps leading to the entrance door of the Chateau are on R. of stage. Some of the girls are seated on the steps. The back drop represents a terrace and garden, with gate).

No. 3. OPENING CHORUS

Marie, Marie, Marie!
 Where is petite Marie?
 Since Winter came and then the Spring,
 No news of our Marie they bring!
 Marie, Marie, Marie!
 How pleasant it would be
 If some fine day to old Piquet
 You'd return, Marie!

(Men only)

All the young men gone to war,
 And so there's nobody any more
 To act the part of gallant beau
 And steal a kiss in the moonlight glow!

(Girls only)

We once were very, very merry;
 Now 'tis only rather lonely!
 Youth is youth and cannot forget!

SOLO (Charlotte)

When the heart of a maiden is heavy and sad,
 Something is wrong;
 When she sighs for a beau and there's none to be had,
 Sad is her song!
 Does she pine? Do the tears fall fast
 For all that is past?
 If she be but a maiden of France she will say:
 "I will be gay,
 Happen what may!"

(Repeat with Chorus)

OMNES

Marie, Marie, Marie!
 Where is petite Marie?
Etc.

(Exeunt all, save Charlotte. Enter Aunt Josephine from house.)

AUNT J. It's a good thing they've gone! These young farmerettes are capital workers when they get at it, but why do they have to come and talk so much before they *do* get at it?

CHARLOTTE. You seem out of breath!

AUNT J. I am, and out of patience, too. Here's the Colonel trying to take a nap, and all that noise going on outside! Why, any one to hear them would think they were nothing but a chorus in a comic opera!

CHARLOTTE. What quaint ideas you have, Aunt Josephine!

AUNT J. I cannot help it, my dear. They are put in my mouth.

CHARLOTTE. By whom?

AUNT J. By the man that wrote the piece, dearie! Talking of peace——

CHARLOTTE. Don't waste time in talking of what doesn't exist.

AUNT J. Mercy me! I am no pacifist. *Ma foi*, no! If it were left to me, I would claim the honor to put the fist in pacifist every time,—*this* fist! (*business*).

CHARLOTTE (*laughing*). You are a dear old Aunt Josephine, but I must hurry. There's always plenty of work for *me*!

AUNT J. (*sighing*). Ah, me! I would I were younger!

CHARLOTTE (*going to her*). Didn't *you* ever do any nursing?

AUNT J. That I did! I nursed Jean Piquet and Marie, too! I wasn't a Red Cross nurse, though. They sometimes called me an *old* cross nurse. But they were only babies I cared for!

CHARLOTTE. They are all big babies *I* look after, Auntie! Great big children,—soldiers sometimes, children always!

No. 4 DUET (*Charlotte and Aunt Josephine*)

Aunt J.

Years ago, it seems three score and more,
I, too, was a nurse.
Babies came and grew up more and more,
Till I was worse
Than useless as a nurse!

Charlotte

In your day it was the fashion for
Old folk to tend the young.
Nowadays we have a passion for
Quite the opposite,—

Aunt J.

Yes, but what is it?

Charlotte

In these wonderful, wonderful days,
Everything is topsy-turvy;
Folks who once had nervous ways,
Nowadays are merely nervy.
Things that only yesterday
Couldn't have been thought of,
Come to be regarded as
Something to think naught of!
That is why you see today
Conditions quite reversed—
Instead of grown-ups nursing babes,
The grown-ups must be nursed!

Both

Then give three cheers, shed thankful tears,
And reckon not your loss—
But count as gain all things above
The glorious sacrifice of love
That's marked by the great Red Cross,—
Hats off to the great Red Cross!

(Exit Charlotte, L-1, while Aunt J. moves towards Chateau entrance. Just as she is about to disappear, Capt. Gringo enters, L-3, and calls to her.)

GRINGO. Ho! Aunt Josephine!

AUNT J. (turning and regarding him severely). When did you get back? I thought you were at the Front for good.

GRINGO (cheerily). Certainly I was there for good. You did not think I would be at the Front for ill, eh?

AUNT J. I'm not too sure of that.

GRINGO. Age is souring the sweetness of your disposition, ma'am. Where is the Colonel?

(Col. Piquet comes out of house)

COL. P. Ha! Gringo! What news?

GRINGO. That's what I want to know! What of Marie, Colonel?

AUNT J. (passing Col. P. on way through door). Say nothing!

COL. P. I know not where she is, Captain. 'Tis going on two years now since she went away. I hoped you would have brought me word of her.

GRINGO. Devil a word. What did she run off for, anyway? (Suspiciously) It wasn't love, was it?

COL. P. Now you mention it, Captain, I suspect it was.

GRINGO (sourly). For whom?

COL. P. For France, m'sieur!

GRINGO (impatiently). Tush! Will there never be an end to such empty talk?

COL. P. You call such talk empty?

GRINGO. All talk is empty. What we need is actions, not words and sentiments!

COL. P. (significantly). There are some actions we could well do without also!

GRINGO (heartily). I agree with you. But let's to cheerier matters. Your nephew is here.

COL. P. (surprised). Jean! Where?

GRINGO. I met him in the town this morning. He's on furlough, and with him two of the strangest companions that ever donned a khaki uniform!

COL. P. (happily). Ha! Some of our glorious Allies, I make no doubt!

GRINGO. Allies, yes. Glorious—well, that's as may be. I have a mission to execute in town, so with your leave, Colonel, I will return later.

(He bows and exits quickly, R-2. Chorus enters, L-1 and L-2, slowly, apparently discussing some news.)

COL. P. Yes, that is as may be! It cannot be he meant,—no! It must have been that these two strangers were not, perhaps, exactly "glorious." But our Allies!

No. 5. SONG (Col. Piquet with Chorus)

When France and Belgium held the foe
With courage bold and grim,
The Anglo-Saxon race awoke
And from their prosp'rous fetters broke,

To crush a demon's whim.
 With mighty roar, the British Lion
 Came crouching to the fray,—
 And all his Cubs crept on behind,
 Keen-scented for the prey.
 From far Australia's plains they came,
 Her hosts New Zealand sent;
 And Canada,—heroic name!—
 Both men and money spent.

Glorious Allies! Glorious Allies!
 From North, South, East and West they came!
 Making clear the meaning of that great immortal phrase:
 "In Friendship's Name!"

When France and Belgium held the foe,
 And Italy as well:
 The Anglo-Saxon race fought on,
 Till full three years had come and gone—
 Three years of shot and shell.
 And then with anxious eyes they gazed
 Afar into the West,
 Where dwelt in peace a noble giant,
 More powerful than the rest.
 And suddenly, like some dread flood
 That sweeps away all ill—
 America sent forth her blood—
 Thank God, they're coming still!
 Glorious Allies! Glorious Allies!

Etc.

(Enter, L-3, Jean, Frederick and Alonzo. Each wears the uniform of his respective country. They come on arm in arm and remain in this posture until AFTER the singing of their Trio presently.)

JEAN. Good day, my uncle! Here we are, you see!

COL. P. *(going towards them)*. Unfortunately, I *don't* see very well these days. *(He goes up close to them.)* Ah, now, that is better. *(He embraces Jean, then steps back and regards the other two.)* And who are these friends of yours, Jean, and why do they not shake hands with me?

JEAN. Because we three have sworn never to be separated. We are brigaded together. To shake hands now would mean separation. That would never do!

ALL. How quaint!

JEAN. No doubt it seems so to you. But if we are not separated amid the horrors of war, why should we be torn apart in such a peaceful scene as this?

COL. P. At least you will tell us who your companions are!

JEAN. They will speak for themselves, my uncle.

FREDK. and ALONZO *(together, loudly)*. Yes, we will speak for ourselves, uncle!

(During the trio, Chorus gradually goes off quietly, in groups.)

No. 6. TRIO *(Jean, Frederick and Alonzo)*

In days of old the warriors bold
 Sang lustily and long;

Wherever they went, whatever they did,
 They put it into song.
 Their doughty deeds we emulate,
 And thus in song unite,
 For an army now is instructed how
 To sing as well as fight!
 We'll gladly tell you who we are,
 Though at first sight it appears
 That we might be the original three—
 One-Two-Three Musketeers!

Jean

My name is Jean Piquet and to you all I say Good-day!
 Since a little boy it was my joy
 To dwell 'mongst you alway!
 But troublous times have come to pass, and now today, alas!
 I see you mostly in my dreams
 'Mid shot and shell and gas!

Frederick

I must confess I am, and you may guess I am
 An ordinary sort of bloke;
 From Lunnon Town I came to the shot and shell and flame,
 And, believe me, this here fightin' ain't no joke!
 They took me from a grocery store
 And said they guessed they'd try me.
 Just how it is you see! They made a man of me,—
 And I like the life, gorblymee!

Alonzo

Long Island is my land, 'way back in New York,
 And when they called for volunteers, yours truly did not balk!
 I donned by uniform with pride,
 Although I wasn't frantic
 To sail on an old or a brand-new boat
 And take a chance with a bum U-boat
 In the middle of the broad Atlantic!
 But here I am, and Uncle Sam
 Seems mighty proud of me—
 And I'm not a-going back till I've had another whack
 At the goldarn enemy!

All Three

So now you know just who we are,
 Though at first sight it appears
 That we might be the original three—
 One-Two-Three Musketeers!

JEAN. And now, where is Marie?

ALONZO. Yep. Where's Marie?

FREDK. Ah, yes, we have heard so much about Marie. Where is she?

COL. P. That's what I would like to know.

JEAN (*astonished*). You don't know?

ALONZO. You're not "on"?

FREDK. Of course he's not!

COL. P. Alas, no. She went away to join the army, she said,—to fight
 for France! (*Looking anxiously at each in turn*) You have not seen her?

ALONZO. Who can say? What is she like?

FREDK. Of course she is beautiful. All women are. But what are her best points?

COL. P. (*going to house*). Wait. I will show you. (*He goes into house.*)

ALONZO. Poor old chap. Nobody home!

JEAN (*indignantly*). How can you say that? Is my uncle nobody?

FREDK. He means——

ALONZO. I mean he's not wise.

JEAN (*more indignant*). How dare you insinuate that?

FREDK. Talk English, comrade. He doesn't understand the American language very well.

ALONZO. That so? Well, then, it's evident that uncle has not heard of Mam'zelle Taps.

JEAN. I will tell him!

FREDK. Wait till he shows us what he's gone after.

(*Enter Gringo, L-1*)

GRINGO. I must leave today for the Front, boys. Jean, where is Marie? I must see her before I go.

JEAN. Why?

GRINGO. Never mind why. Where is she?

FREDK. You will soon find out.

GRINGO (*striding into house*). That will I! (*Disappears in house.*)

ALONZO. You know, fellers, I don't like that guy.

FREDK. We'd best keep an eye on him.

JEAN. We have six eyes. They are not too many.

FREDK. Let's follow him and see what he's up to.

JEAN. The back way, then! Come! (*He and Fredk. exeunt R-2. Alonzo hesitates, and Col. P. emerges from house, holding photograph. He goes to Alonzo and offers picture to him.*)

COL. P. See! This is she! Have any of you three seen aught of her?

ALONZO (*taking picture*). The others have gone, sir.

COL. P. (*confused*). Gone? Ah, yes! My sight is not what it was. But you,—have you not seen her?

ALONZO. Just as I thought! It is Mam'zelle Taps herself!

COL. P. You have seen her, then?

ALONZO. Some one very like her. Perhaps it was your Marie. She is a bugler.

COL. P. A bugler?

ALONZO. Aye. Some bugler, too, I'll say. Most women sing their children to sleep, but Mam'zelle Taps *blows* this baby to by-lows!

COL. P. I do not understand you very well.

(*Gringo appears in doorway*)

GRINGO. One moment, Col. Piquet!

COL. P. Ah, yes, Captain! I will be with you. (*To Alonzo*) You shall tell me more about her, young man, and where you met her and what she said to you! (*Goes to Gringo and enters house with him.*)

ALONZO. What she said to me!

No. 7. SONG (*Alonzo*)

When twilight shadows fell one glorious eve,
I met Marie;
And as I gazed, my eyes could scarce believe
It was Marie.
Her silver bugle at her side,
Her perfect military stride;

What wonder there and then I tried
To reach Marie!

Marie! Marie! What did she say to me?
No word she spoke with tongue or lip,
But from her radiant eyes let slip
One glance, one look, that I shall ne'er forget;
It made life seem one glorious dream,
When our eyes first met!

I wonder if that glance, when once again
I meet Marie,
Will light the world for me as it did then,—
Ah, fair Marie!
With silver bugle at your side,
Come good or ill, whate'er betide,
Ah, will she ever be my bride?
Ma chere Marie!

Marie! Marie! What did she say to me?
Etc.

(Exit Alonzo, R-2, as Gringo comes on R-1, followed stealthily by Jean and Fredk.)

GRINGO. So she will be here today; after all! Good! I will not miss this opportunity. It may be my last. *(Turns suddenly and spies Jean and Fredk.)* What are you two spies tracking me for?

FREDK. Spies! That's good! Ha, ha!

JEAN. What makes you think we are spies? Have you a guilty conscience?

GRINGO. I have no conscience that I'm aware of. *(Alonzo, who has entered softly, R-2, creeps up behind him and gently places his hand in Gringo's coat pocket.)* What's this? *(Gringo seizes Alonzo's hand.)* Another spy, eh?

ALONZO. Aw, come, Captain! I was hoping to find a cigarette, that's all! A joke's a joke, you know.

GRINGO. And a thief's a thief. But there! *(He releases Alonzo's hand and extracts a case of cigarettes from his other pocket. Opens it and hands Alonzo one.)* I will overlook it this time. A good smoke is worth risking one's reputation for these times.

ALONZO. It's an American one, by gee! Now I wish I'd got away with the whole case!

(Enter Edmund Pompous and the Duchess of Donchester, L-2.)

POMPOUS. Smokes! For the love of Hamlet, who speaks of smokes?

DUCHESS. Yes, who uttered the magic words?

GRINGO. Whom have we here?

POMPOUS. You see before you the great Edmund Pompous, Shakespearian tragedian,—the man who never fails to reduce his audience to tears by the pathos and purple gloom of his glorious art! I am over here to entertain the boys.

ALONZO. War is hell.

POMPOUS. And this—*(indicating the Duchess)*—is the Duchess of Donchester. She is here on a mission of self-denial and charity. She does not believe that too much tobacco is good for the boys, so she has come over to smoke herself to death, if need be, in order to reduce the available supply of the disgusting weed.

DUCHESS. Yes, I believe that each one should do all one can to benefit the soldiers.

FREDK. Then why don't you go home, your Grace?

GRINGO (*offering his case to them*). Help yourselves. You need consolation, and so, I am sure—(*drily*)—do we!

(*All light up cigarettes*)

No. 8. SEXTETTE (*Gringo, Jean, Fredk., Alonzo, Pompous, and Duchess*)

When the world is on the blink,
And you don't know what to think,
When you find that things are getting rather tough,—
You can soon relieve your mind,
For assuredly you'll find
Things will break if you take a little puff!

Pompous

When the critics have administered a cynical rebuff,—

All

Take a puff! Take a puff!

Jean

Or perchance with your intended you have had a little tiff,—

All

Take a whiff! Take a whiff!

Frederick

When you find the road you thought so smooth, intolerably rough,
And your easy-going nature turns to something sour and gruff,
You can make yourself an angel, it's an easy kind of bluff,—

All

Take a puff! Take a puff!

Alonzo

If politics in war-time seems sorry sort of stuff,—

All

Take a puff! Take a puff!

Gringo

If the cost of living seems to you perhaps a trifle stiff,—

All

Take a whiff! Take a whiff!

The Duchess

If you feel you'd like to kick the dog or hand the cat a cuff,
Because some trifling set-back has put you in a huff,
And made you feel a martyr who has borne more than enough,—

All Six

Take a puff! Take a puff! Oh, yes!
When the world is on the blink
And you don't know what to think,
And you feel that things are getting rather tough,—
You'll find the most effective way,
'Spite of all the cranks may say,
Is to take, take, take a little puff!

(*Exeunt all, L-1 and L-2*)

(*Enter Chorus, R-2 and L-3*)

No. 9. CHORUS

Signs are oft deceiving,
 Seeing is believing,
 Our imagination's playing tricks on us, perhaps!
 'Twas a sight amazing,
 Eyes grew big with gazing—
 Somebody informed us 'twas the famous Mam'zelle Taps!
 Mam'zelle Taps,—
 Well, it may have been, perhaps!
 But her eyes looked strangely familiar,
 Like Marie's, like Marie's!
 Her smile was bright and her step so light,—
 Like Marie's, like Marie's!
 It may be that she is the heroine we've read about
 In the "Journal"—
 If so, we must tell it, there's never a doubt,
 To the Colonel!

(Col. Piquet emerges from door of Chateau)
Col. Piquet

Yes, yes! What is this idle chatter?
 Come, tell me, one and all,—what is the matter?

Chorus

Marie! Marie! Marie is Mam'zelle Taps,
 The famous silver bugler of the Army!
 Marie! Marie! You'll see her soon, perhaps,—

Col. Piquet

Such news is calculated to alarm me!

Chorus

Signs are oft deceiving,
 Seeing is believing,
 Our imagination's playing tricks on us, perhaps!
 At a sight amazing
 You will soon be gazing,—
 There's no doubt about it,—our Marie is Mam'zelle Taps!

(Marie enters L-3, followed immediately by Lewis Potter. Marie is in her uniform, a silver bugle slung at her side.)

MARIE *(running to Col. P.)*. Father! At last!

COL. P. *(embracing her)*. My daughter! Welcome home! Thrice welcome, Marie!

MARIE. Home again! Ah, yes! *(Looking 'round at the familiar scene.)*
 'Tis for this, and many more like it, that all France is fighting today!

No. 9a. CHORUS *(starting to exit)*

Signs are oft deceiving,
 Seeing is believing;
 Our imagination did not lead us into traps!
 'Tis a sight amazing,
 Eyes grow big with gazing,
 There's no doubt that our Marie is really Mam'zelle Taps!

(Exeunt Chorus, L-2 and L-3)

MARIE. Father, this is Mons. Potter,—an American.

POTTER. Yes, I'm over here to take the enemy, if possible.

COL. P. Not single-handed, sir, I hope?

POTTER. Just that, Colonel. I am going to take everything worth while that I can lay my eyes on.

COL. P. (*shocked, to Marie*). My dear, this man talks strangely like a thief!

MARIE (*laughing*). Have no fear!! He never steals anything, except, perhaps, an idea or two. He is a photographer, father.

POTTER. I am ready when you are, Mam'zelle.

MARIE. Not just now. You had better return to the village to look after your camera, m'sieur.

POTTER. Very well. I see I am for the moment *dee troppe*. (*Exits L-1.*)

COL. P. And so you are really a soldier, Marie!

MARIE. Indeed, that is so! I started as a despatch bearer. I do that still, but now I'm a bugler also. You should hear me blow "reveille" and——

COL. P. (*interrupting*). Ah! I see! That is why they call you "Mam'zelle Taps"! I am filled with pride, Marie!

MARIE. And I, too, to think I can be useful!

No. 10. DUET (*Marie and Col. Piquet*)

Marie

When the bugle sends its martial notes abroad,
And the patriots of France unsheath the sword—
 'Mid the rolling of the drums
 There's a ringing call that comes,—
'Tis the call that sons of France have ne'er ignored!

Col. P.

When the smoke of battle clouds the country o'er,
When the mighty guns speak out in sullen roar,—
 Then the tyrant hears the knell,
 Rung by Freedom's mighty bell,
And he knows his doom is sealed for evermore!

Both

Then rise, ye sons of fair, romantic France,
Recall the glorious deeds of old!
Free men now and free men ye shall be
Till the dawn of all Eternity!
In far-off days, when fell the grim Bastille,
First dawned an era bright,—
For from its ruins there uprose
The noble tower of Liberty and Right,—

Marie

For which we fight!

Col. P.

For which we fight!

Both

Long live the power of Liberty and Right!

(*Exeunt Marie and Col. Piquet into the house, as Alonzo, Fredk. and Jean enter, L-3*)

ALONZO. She is beautiful and I love her!

FREDK. She is lovely and I adore her!

JEAN. She is *tres charmante* and I am—what you say?—sticking on her!

FREDK. "Sticking on her"! What language is that?

ALONZO. He means "stuck on her." Well, boys, we can't *all* marry her. We'll have to agree on something and leave the field clear.

FREDK. Not for *that* spy!

ALONZO. Meaning Gringo?

JEAN. Ah, yes! He is trying to marry my cousin!

ALONZO. Never! I would rather see her married to Frederick, or even you, Jean!

JEAN. You are magnanimous. But we shall have a task to defeat Gringo.

ALONZO. Why,—does Marie favor him?

JEAN. She hates him. But Gringo is cunning and determined.

FREDK. I have it! We will expose this Gringo as a spy. We all know in our hearts he is a spy. Now to prove it!

ALONZO. There's the rub. We have no evidence. Only suspicions.

FREDK. We must make it our business to find the evidence and produce the proofs.

JEAN. But how?

ALONZO. Frederick is right. That's the worst thing I know about Frederick. He's *always* right.

FREDK. Let us agree that whichever of us three successfully exposes this Gringo bird, shall be free to marry Marie.

ALONZO. But suppose we *all* succeed in exposing him?

JEAN. And suppose Marie has something to say about her choice herself?

FREDK. My opinion is that Marie will be so pleased at the Captain's exposure that she will marry me out of sheer gratitude!

ALONZO and JEAN (*together*). You!

FREDK. Am I not *always* right? Hist, fellers! Here he is! Hide! (*Each of the three hides himself in different parts of the stage, but keeping visible to the audience. Enter Gringo, L-1. He spies Jean behind a tree.*)

GRINGO (*calmly*). What are you doing there?

JEAN (*coming out and looking crestfallen*). Watching you, Captain.

GRINGO. You seem very interested in me.

JEAN. I was wondering, Captain, if you would meet Marie here!

GRINGO. So your cousin has returned? Where is she now?

JEAN. In the house with her father. Say, Captain, do you think I could get a commission as a spy-hunter? How do you catch spies?

GRINGO. You don't catch spies. Real spies are never caught.

JEAN. Oh, dear me, that's unlucky. I fear I shall never win Marie.

GRINGO. You win Marie? Why, you young fool, don't you know you will soon be related to *me*? You'll be my cousin-in-law, so to speak.

JEAN. You don't say so!

GRINGO. Ask Marie. By the way, would you mind going into the house and telling her I am here?

JEAN. Certainly, Captain. (*He goes into house. Fredk. approaches Gringo from the rear.*)

FREDK. Captain!

GRINGO (*starting*). *Mon Dieu!* You startled me!

FREDK. Proof Number One.

GRINGO. What do you mean?

FREDK. Nothing. I am satisfied. Have you any evidence about you, Captain?

GRINGO. What is this mad Britisher talking about? Yes, sir. I have the evidence of my own eyes that you are a clumsy ass. I see you are spying on me.

Begone! Mam'zelle Taps is coming. Two's company three is none. If you are good, you may come to our wedding. In fact, you may be the best man.

FREDK. In my opinion, the best man at a wedding is the bridegroom, so I accept your offer. (*He gives mock salute and wanders off R-3, as Alonzo creeps up to the Captain.*)

ALONZO. What's this stuff you are pulling, Captain? You haven't a chance. I am going to marry Marie myself.

GRINGO (*shrugging his shoulders*). Poor lads! They're all suffering from shell-shock. Ah, *bon jour!* (*He catches sight of Pompous and the Duchess, who enter L-2.*)

POMPOUS (*to Duchess, condescendingly*). That means "good day," your Grace. My French is improving. I can understand some of it but find it irksome to speak.

DUCHESS. Really, I wish they had never started that Tower of Babel. It is so absurd. I find myself lecturing *poilus* by the hour on the evils of nicotine only to find that not one of them understand a word of English. If the Americans speak English, why cannot the French?

GRINGO. With you, madame, but one language is necessary—a language that all can understand!

DUCHESS (*superciliously*). And, pray, what may that be? I do not study Esperanto.

GRINGO (*bowing*). The language of the eyes, madame—eyes such as yours—renders the use of the tongue unnecessary!

DUCHESS. What impertinence! And yet these Frenchmen have such a way of putting things!

POMPOUS. We must hurry, your Grace; you know the boys are waiting to hear me recite.

DUCHESS. Ah, yes. Let us go. (*They move towards centre.*) What shall you recite to them today, dear Mr. Pompous?

POMPOUS. Blank verse, your Grace.

DUCHESS (*going off arm-in-arm with him, centre*). Oh, yes! How lovely! You know those silly Tommies call it blankety-blank verse! (*They exeunt.*)

GRINGO. Why do they permit such pests to invade our fair shores? Ah, Marie!

(*Enter Marie from house, with Jean, who goes to Alonzo*)

MARIE. Captain, good-day! I am glad to see you. (*She goes to him, greeting him with great cordiality. Jean and Alonzo look on, disconcerted.*)

GRINGO. That is good of you, *ma chérie*. Now how about——(*he looks at the others*).

MARIE (*suddenly*). Captain, there is an important message for me at the post office. I dare intrust it to none but competent and faithful hands. Will you not ride and procure it for me?

GRINGO (*pleased*). With a thousand pleasures, mademoiselle!

MARIE. You must hurry!

GRINGO. You will await my return?

MARIE. I will be here with these gentlemen.

GRINGO. Two is safe, where one alone with her would be risky. Adieu! (*He hurries off, L-1.*)

MARIE. Jean, my father needs cheering. Go in and talk with him, there's a good fellow. Alonzo will amuse me till the Captain's return. (*Jean goes into the house unwillingly.*)

ALONZO. Do I amuse you, then?

MARIE. Sometimes. You look at me so foolishly, for example.

ALONZO. That's because I'm in love.

MARIE. Love is beautiful! Yet those in love too often look so ridiculous!

ALONZO. You are cruel. Love is blind, but you see too much!

MARIE. Who says *I* am in love?

ALONZO. Well, aren't you?

MARIE. Perhaps. Captain Gringo wants to marry me.

ALONZO. You will never do that, surely?

MARIE. Why not? Now, don't be foolish, you dear American boy! I will marry no one till this terrible war is over. Whatever you see or hear, remember that!

ALONZO. And then? Oh, darn it! Here are these two buttinskys coming to spoil it all! (*Fredk. comes on, R-2, and Jean from house.*)

No. 11. QUARTETTE (*Alonzo, Frederick, Jean and Marie*)

FREDK. Oh, Mam'zelle Taps!

JEAN.

Oh, sweet Marie!

FREDK. and JEAN. Won't you listen to our pleading, sweet Marie?
We want to marry you!

MARIE.

You do?

ALONZO.

They want to marry you! Pooh! Pooh!
A slight reserve, a trifle less of nerve
Would be vastly more becoming, so it seems to me.
I've ne'er heard anything so absurd!
Have you, *ma chere* Marie?

ALONZO, FREDK.
and JEAN.

Marie, take pity, hear my plea,
And marry me!

MARIE.

'Tis so confusing to be choosing,
When confronted by no less than three!

ALONZO, FREDK.
and JEAN.

Ah, take no notice what they say,
But hearken, dear, to me!
If you reject me, pray don't expect me
To live on, Marie!

MARIE.

Foolish little poilu!
Foolish little Tommy!
Foolish little Yankee, too!
Until the fighting is over, I can
Never, never marry you!

ALONZO, FREDK.
and JEAN.

But when the fighting's o'er,
And I come back once more,
You will swear, Marie,
To be there, Marie,—
And you'll give me your answer?

MARIE.

Yes, if I can, sir!

ALL FOUR.

When the fighting's o'er!
When the rattle of the battle is forgot,
When we've all escaped the bullets and the shot,
When the sun shines through and the skies are blue
And the little birds are singing while the bells of peace are
ringing—
'Twill be merry, very merry for us all,
When we've listened to the final bugle call!

ALONZO, FREDK.

and JEAN.

I'll come back to you, Marie!

MARIE.

Oh, how splendid that will be!

ALL FOUR.

'Twill be merry, very merry for us all!

(DANCE)

(After the Dance, the three men exeunt, L-1 and L-2, and Marie is about to enter door of Chateau, when Gringo comes on, L-3.)

GRINGO (calling). Marie! There was no package,—no message!

MARIE (coming on again). Are you sure?

GRINGO. Surer than you apparently! Don't tell me you sent me off on a wild-goose chase just to be alone with somebody else!

MARIE. Wouldn't you do more than *that* for me?

GRINGO. Of course I would! But I don't like the idea of your being pestered by those foolish soldiers.

MARIE. Pestered, indeed!

GRINGO. Why,—did any of them say anything to you?

MARIE. They all spoke at once, so it was a little confusing. But from what I was able to make out, they all proposed to me!

GRINGO. Well, there's safety in numbers. Of course, you rejected them?

MARIE. *En bloc!*

GRINGO. That is well! And now, Marie—(he looks cautiously 'round the stage, faking, as he does so, to see Alonzo and Fredk. duck their heads behind a tree, from which they are secretly listening)—when is it to be?

MARIE (archly). When is what to be?

(Aunt Josephine comes on from house)

AUNT J. Marie, my dear, will you not come in and rest? You must be tired.

MARIE. Not one little bit, Auntie! What should make me tired?

AUNT J. (looking daggers at Gringo). What, indeed? (She goes up to Marie and whispers audibly) Does he not make you tired?

MARIE (mischievously). Perhaps!

AUNT J. Then come away! I have given you the chance!

MARIE. I will, in a moment. Just now I have something important to tell the Captain.

AUNT J. (sighing). *Eh, bien!* (To Gringo) And how are the folks in Dresden?

GRINGO. Dresden? Pah! Who speaks of Dresden?

AUNT J. I heard your mother speak often of it. Well,—(going into house)—don't tarry, Marie!

GRINGO (going to Marie). She interrupted on purpose, the sly old cat! Come, now, you know I want to marry you, Marie! And you have never yet given me a direct answer!

MARIE (putting him away with her hands). If I promise to give you a direct answer, will you do something for me,—for me and for France?

GRINGO (ardently). I would do anything for you, Marie!

MARIE. And for France?

GRINGO. Why not? Of course, for France!

MARIE. Then I will say, "Yes, I am willing to marry you, Captain Gringo!" if you will bring me the directions just where and how to reach the quarters of General Von Blandenburg!

GRINGO (startled). It is impossible!

MARIE (scornfully). Nothing should be impossible to a French soldier.

GRINGO. But think of the danger!

MARIE. Danger!! Is that all you think of me? Are you afraid?
 GRINGO. Only of losing *you*, Marie!
 MARIE. You will do this?
 GRINGO. If it can be done,—yes! But I shall have to lay my plans carefully.
 MARIE (*significantly*). You should be a past master in such matters, Captain!
 GRINGO. And now say the final word, Marie!
 MARIE. Have I not already said it?
 GRINGO. And when shall the wedding day be, *mignon*?
 MARIE. That we will decide when you have brought me the information.
 The sooner you hand me *that*, the sooner I give you *my* hand.
 GRINGO (*eagerly*). And your heart?
 MARIE. Ah, yes, I suppose so!

No. 12. FINALE

Gringo

Tell it again, say that you love,
 Bring to my heart sweet rejoicing!
 Whisper it soft, like winds from above,
 Hope long deferred thus be voicing!
 Tell it again—

Marie

He thinks that I shall e'er be true!

Gringo

—say that you love!

Marie

This day and hour he'll surely rue!

Gringo

Hope long deferred thus be voicing!
 Whisper it soft—

Marie

Oh, heaven, be kind and help me!

Gringo

—like winds from above!

Gringo

Bring to my heart sweet rejoicing!

Marie

Hopes long deferred I'll be voicing!

(*Enter Chorus and other Principals of Act I, all entrances, taking up the singing as indicated in Score.*)

CHORUS

Tell it again, say that you love,
 Bring to the heart sweet rejoicing.
 Whisper it soft, like winds from above,
 Hope long deferred thus be voicing.
 Tell it again, tell it again,
 Tell it, oh; tell it again and again!
 Why, what is this that meets our eyes?
 Incredible and sad surprise!
 All expectations she defies,—
 The Captain takes her as his prize!

(Alonzo, Fredk. and Jean come forward, arm-in-arm)

Alonzo, Fredk. and Jean

Yes, what is this that meets our gaze?

Oh, false and fickle woman's ways!

Marie

Have patience, friends! My plans I cannot tell!

Remember only this: All's well that endeth well!

Gringo (to the three soldiers)

Ha, ha! The laugh's on you! Now hear me quote

In good United States: I have your goat!

(to Col. Piquet, who has entered with Aunt J. from house)

Dear Colonel, I pray you congratulate me!

Marie has pledged her word to be my promised bride!

Col. P.

What say you? I pray you, don't agitate me!

Marie

Ah, father dear, just trust in me, whate'er betide!

CHORUS

And so Marie, so blithe and gay,

Has lost her head and thrown herself away

Upon this Captain Gringo!

Alonzo, Fredk. and Jean

This surly Captain Gringo!

CHORUS

Marie, Marie, what could you see

To love in Captain Gringo?

Alonzo, Fredk. and Jean

It ne'er occurred that what we've heard, by Jingo!

CHORUS

By Jingo!

Alonzo, Fredk. and Jean

Could possibly be true!

And yet 'tis nothing new!

A woman's heart is hard to read!

CHORUS

It is indeed!

Marie

It is indeed!

CHORUS

She's thrown herself away on Captain Gringo!

Alonzo (and Chorus)

Farewell, farewell to all my hopes so bright!

Hopes, like the summer swallows, soon take flight!

Gone is the promise of morning,

Dead is the day at its dawning—

Ah, Love! Thou art bitter-sweet indeed!

Marie (to Gringo)

Now haste away! You know delay
May fatal be!

Gringo

When I'm back again, you'll tell me when
The date'll be!

Marie

I'd just as lief that very brief
The wait'll be,—

Gringo

I'll be fleet, Marie, for sweet Marie
My mate'll be!

(Gringo kisses her hand, waves adieus to the crowd, laughs at the three boys in uniform, and, still waving adieus, runs off, centre. Marie does not look at him. She hides her face in her hands.)

CHORUS

Marie, Marie, Marie,
Alas, *petite* Marie!
'Tis Summer time, but Winter drear
Seems settled down for all the year!
Marie, Marie, Marie,
Come, tell us what is wrong?
Joy bring to us and sing to us
Your old sweet song!

Marie

Vive la France! Vive la France!
Oh, the spirit's willing
And my breast is filling
With the thought that I shall soon be doing all that I can!
What deeds of daring,
Naught for danger caring,
Would I undertake for France's sake,
If I'd been born a man!

FULL CHORUS

Oh, the spirit's willing,
And her breast is filling
With the thought that she will soon be doing all that she can!
What deeds of daring,
Naught for danger caring,
Will she undertake for France's sake,
Although she's not a man!
Danger daring, never caring,—
That's Marie!

(CURTAIN)

(During the singing of the final chorus, Marie throws herself into the arms of Col. Piquet, who soothes her. Aunt J. fusses around. The three boys, still arm-in-arm, look on in perplexed amazement. Pompous strikes a tragic attitude, trying to impress Charlotte with the spirit of the occasion, and Charlotte gazes at him as if he were mad. Potter is busy up L, taking a picture of the whole scene, oblivious

to all else. Suddenly Alonzo breaks away from his two companions and goes to Marie. She turns from her father's embrace and holds out her hands to Alonzo. He is about to take them eagerly, when she waves him away, half sorrowfully, half in despair, and the Curtain falls quickly. If it is raised again, it should be but for a moment, showing Alonzo returning to his friends, glancing back sorrowfully at Marie as he goes towards them. Marie does not look at him again.)

END OF ACT I

ACT II

(Garden of a house in the suburbs of Paris, which has been turned over for the use of convalescent soldiers. Only the garden need be shown, with a hedge or wall running across back stage, in the centre of which is an entrance. Other entrances L-1 and L-2, and R-1 and R-2. ...The curtain, rising, discloses a few nearly-recovered soldiers in French, British and American uniforms, reclining in deck-chairs or sitting on a garden bench, left of stage. They are enjoying themselves restfully. One of them sings a short solo, upon which Lizzie and Chorus of "Tommywaacs" enter. The latter are girls dressed in khaki uniform, and are so called because they are members of the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps, working behind the lines.)

No. 13. OPENING

A Soldier

It's all very well to be a convalescent;
The life right here is anything but unpleasant.
But the sight of a girl with a pretty face
Would certainly make this beautiful place
More beautiful—

Chorus of Soldiers

More beautiful!

A Soldier

The sight of a girl in this beautiful place—

Chorus of Soldiers

Would make this beautiful, beautiful place
More beautiful!

(Enter L-1 and L-2, Lizzie and the Tommywaacs)

No. 13a. SONG (*Lizzie and Chorus*)

When you've had your fill of talking of the weather,
When you're tired of arguing on war;
When you find that o'er you stealing
Comes a languid sort of feeling,
And you haven't much ambition any more:
Then it's time to take a tonic
Ere your state becomes too chronic—
What you need is just a smile and a caress;
There are pretty girls in dozens,
Sisters, sweethearts, aunts and cousins,—
And a dose of them is all you need, I guess!

What's it matter if her eyes are blue,
Brown, or black or gray?

It will cheer you just to have her near you,
If she only knows the way—
 (You know the way I mean!)

The sunshine of her pretty face will turn
Your gray skies to blue;
And it really doesn't matter what she's talking in her chatter,
If she'll only throw a smile at you!

All the girls today are sensible and clever,
They have really learned a thing or two;
Though there still are some who tell us
That to make the boys all jealous
Is the proper thing for any girl to do.
That a fellow must be goaded
Is a notion that's exploded,
And so far as we're concerned, it's out-of-date;
Girls can still be all that's jolly
And avoid the silly folly
Of imagining that men require a bait!

What's the matter, *Etc.*

(*Exeunt Chorus of Soldiers and Tommywaacs,—soldiers slowly through centre, girls R. and L. Enter Pompous and the Duchess, R-2.*)

DUCHESS. Yes, I have just left my pamphlet on the evil effects of nicotine on convalescent soldiers with the superintendent. This completes our rounds, I believe.

POMPOUS. Your Grace is right. This is our last port of call, so to speak. Our next, I trust, will be the port of embarkation for home.

LIZZIE. Are you really going to leave us? Can it be true?

POMPOUS. Young woman, I rejoice to say we are on our way to seek other fields of activity.

DUCHESS. Yes. We have not accomplished all we set out to do in France, but assuredly we have made *some* impression.

LIZZIE. Not altogether a pleasant one, I should imagine, judging from your tones!

POMPOUS. It is a very regrettable fact, my *deah* young woman, that despite her Grace's efforts and mine, the soldiers will persist in exhibiting a preference for Tobacco rather than Tragedy.

LIZZIE (*to Duchess*). Why don't you try to do something really useful? Look at me.

DUCHESS (*eyeing her with lorgnette*). My dear young person, a uniform is extremely unbecoming to my figure!

LIZZIE. Well, you don't cut much of a figure as you are, your Grace!

POMPOUS. War is terrible! Come, your Grace. This is no place for us.

DUCHESS (*going off, centre, on Pompous' arm*). War not only robs some people of their lives, but others—(*looking hard and severely at Lizzie*)—of their manners! (*Exeunt. As the two go off, Potter comes on, standing aside, hat in hand, to let them pass. He then sees Lizzie, and flourishes his hat to her.*)

POTTER. Pardon me, my gallant young she-boy, but can you tell me if Mam'zelle Taps is anywhere around?

LIZZIE. She was here not long ago. (*Exit Lizzie, R-2.*)

(Enter Marie, centre)

MARIE (*briskly*). And she's here now! Ah, Mr. Potter! (*He bows to Marie.*) Who was it you were speaking with?

POTTER. Some comely young woman in uniform! I feel ashamed of my years when I see such as she, and amid such scenes!

MARIE. Is she not splendid? Are they not *all* splendid!

POTTER. They are, indeed! Heaven knows what we'd have done in this war without the women, bless em!

No. 14. DUET (*Marie and Potter*)

On the street-cars you will see them ringing bells,
In the ammunition factory, making shells!
In the field and on the farm
They have made their strong right arm
Such a power that admiration it compels.
Gloriously their splendid record nobly shines
In the work that women do behind the lines—
They have shown there's that about them
That no war could do without them—
We no longer think of them as "clinging vines"!

Then, here's to the women, bless their hearts!
They've gladly done their "bit" and more!
If 'mid peace and home and beauty
They have always done their duty,
How shall words convey their glorious part in war?
So here's to the women, bless their hearts!
We love them more than e'er before!
Though they've shown a strength amazing
That the whole wide world is praising,
Yet the hand that rocked the cradle is as gentle as of yore!

MARIE. And, now! How about the pictures?

POTTER. They are here! (*He produces motion-picture film. They examine it together, holding it up to the light.*)

MARIE (*looking*). Oh, see! You have the whole scene where Capt. Gringo bade me farewell and went off that day! Remember?

POTTER. Do I? One of these days—(*indicating the film*)—I'll run it off for you.

MARIE (*delighted*). Won't that be fine? (*She continues to examine film.*) Why, what's this? Oh, I see! There's a long line of our poilus creeping through a wood. There they go along the narrow path! (*She grows excited.*) Where did you take this, Mr. Potter?

POTTER. I guess I got lost one day in the woods, and while I was trying to figure out where I was, along comes an officer leading a bunch of French soldiers. They were very quiet. The whole scene struck me as odd and picturesque, and——

MARIE (*quickly*). And you took it? (*She lowers her hand holding the film.*) Look here, M'sieur Potter! This film,—it can be shown?

POTTER. Sure thing!

MARIE (*eagerly*). And may I have this film?

POTTER. Oh, I guess so. What are you going to do with it?

MARIE. It may help the official records.

POTTER. Of France?

MARIE (*smiling*). Perhaps.

(*Col. Piquet and Aunt Josephine enter, centre*)

AUNT J. We thought we'd lost you! We've been searching everywhere for you, Marie!

MARIE. Well, where did you expect to find me?

COL. P. We might have known she'd be somewhere where the boys need her most. Why, what is that? (*He peers at the film in Marie's hand.*)

MARIE. Some motion pictures, father! They will be famous one day when we get a chance to throw them on the screen!

No. 15. QUARTETTE (*Marie, Aunt Josephine, Col. Piquet and Potter*)

Marie

Once upon a time—

The Other Three

It seems so many years ago,—

Marie

There was a writer who—

The Other Three

Quite a writer, too!

Marie

Whose name is famed in history
For tales of science and mystery!

Col. P.

He wrote a book that set the world amaze;
'Twas called, "Around the World in Eighty Days."

Aunt J.

And everyone exclaimed,
When Monsieur Jules Verne was named:
"What a keen imagination!"
And he made a great sensation,
Did Monsieur—

All Four

Monsieur Jules Verne!

Potter

But nowadays, in countless ways,
The world thinks nothing of it—
Tho' it's willing to admit, when it comes to think of it,
That the man was quite some prophet!

Marie

Entre nous—

Col. P.

That is true!

Aunt J.

Very true!

Potter

Pooh! Pooh!

All Four

For anyone who wants can now encircle all the globe
In far less time than eighty days!
Any city that you know
Has its motion picture show,
Even in these grim and weighty days!
You don't need to travel far,—
You can stay right where you are,
And afterwards describe just where you've been;

All around the world you go
In a pleasant hour or so,
When they throw the scenes upon the screen!

Marie

Ah, yes!—

Potter

I guess—

Aunt J.

Jules Verne—

Col. P.

Would turn—

All Four

In his grave, if he but knew
All the wondrous things they do
When they throw the world upon the screen!

(Exeunt L-1)

(Enter Alonzo and Frederick, R-2)

FREDK. Poor Jean! I think I'd rather be killed outright than fall into their hands a prisoner!

ALONZO. Oh, I don't know. While there's life there's hope. What will his cousin say?

FREDK. Marie? Who's going to tell her?

(Enter Lizzie, L-2)

LIZZIE. Tell her what?

FREDK. Jean is a prisoner!

LIZZIE. Oh, that is dreadful!

ALONZO. I'll go find Mam'zelle Taps and maybe tell her myself. *(He goes off, L-2.)*

FREDK. I wish I was a prisoner!

LIZZIE. You are crazy.

FREDK. I know it. Crazy about you!

LIZZIE. Silly! You told me you wanted to marry Mam'zelle Taps!

FREDK. So I do. But I know I never will. I can't get enough evidence against that Gringo fellow. Say, Lizzie, have a heart!

LIZZIE. How can I have a heart after giving it to you?

FREDK. Then you will?

LIZZIE. Perhaps! When the war clouds have rolled away and the skies are blue once more!

No. 16. DUET *(Lizzie and Frederick)*

Sun may seem to shine
On your dear land and mine,
But clouds are all that others see;
So we'll wait awhile,
Till the world's a-smile,—
Time enough for you and me!

When the skies are blue once more, dear ^(boy.)
_(girl,)

When the clouds have all rolled by—

When the bitter strife shall cease

And there's everlasting peace,

We will be together, you and I!

When the drooping roses bloom again.

O'er the dear old cottage door—

Then we'll raise our eyes above
And maybe speak a bit of love—
When the skies are blue once more!

(*Exeunt R-1*)

(*Enter Charlotte and Marie, centre*)

CHARLOTTE (*anxiously*). Do you think you can do *anything*?

MARIE. I will try. Now, don't get discouraged. I think I know a way.

CHARLOTTE. Poor Jean! He will never survive the cruelties our prisoners are forced to suffer!

MARIE. Are you really in love with Jean?

CHARLOTTE (*with downcast eyes*). Perhaps.

MARIE. And does he know it?

No. 17. SONG (*Charlotte*)

How can a maid reveal her love,
If he for whom her heart doth languish,
Ignores her sighs
And blinds his eyes
To that poor little maiden's anguish?
Her eyes may speak, her smiles tell all,
Her cheeks grow rosy red—
And ev'rything she does reveals
What tongue hath left unsaid!
But what's the use? 'Tis all in vain—
Her secret she must not tell!
And all love's language is thrown away
On him who cannot spell!
O sad the lot and hard the fate
Of any would-be bride
Who finds herself in such a state—
For women fair must ever hate
To be tongue-tied!

MARIE. It's certainly a bad case, Charlotte! But cheer up. I have a scheme that I think will at least secure his release.

CHARLOTTE. Ah, that is good! And then, perchance, I may make him *my* prisoner!

(*She goes off, R-2, and Alonzo enters, centre*)

ALONZO. I wish somebody would make *me* their prisoner!

MARIE. You wouldn't make a good jail-bird at all, *mon ami*!

ALONZO. If the jail were your heart, Marie, believe me, I'd never try to escape! But what are we going to do about poor Jean?

MARIE. Leave that to me.

ALONZO. And where is Captain Gringo?

MARIE (*anxiously*). That's something I'd like to know! It's high time we had news of him.

ALONZO. I suppose if he brings you the information you want, it's all over but the wedding bells.

MARIE. I wouldn't be so sure of that, if I were you. Mam'zelle Taps is not so easily won—that is, by Captain Gringo.

ALONZO (*hopefully*). Just what do you mean by that?

(*Enter Gringo, hurriedly, R-2*)

GRINGO. Speaking of Captain Gringo—

ALONZO. The devil!

GRINGO. . . . here he is! (*He goes to Marie as if to embrace her.*)

MARIE (*repelling him*). Not so fast, Captain! Have you succeeded?

GRINGO (*tartly*). Did you ever know me to fail? (*He looks at Alonzo.*)
You here still? I prefer to be alone with this lady.

ALONZO. So do I. For once we agree!

No. 18. TRIO (*Alonzo, Gringo and Marie*)

Here's the makings of a wrangle,
Same old case of love's triangle!
Nothing new—

Gringo and Alonzo

Just we two—
Waiting to be alone with you!

Marie

One must be eliminated,
That is clearly demonstrated—
Which of three shall it be?

Gringo and Alonzo

Does she refer to you or me?

Marie

I can't speak terms algebraic,
All such methods seems archaic,—
But to unweave an awkward tangle,
I'll try to fix this love triangle.
You know, when all is said and done,
Two is company, three is none!

All Three

Two is company, three is none!
That's familiar to anyone.
Man and maid have always vowed
Anyone over two's a crowd!
That was Adam and Eve's remark
When they toddled off after dark:
Two is company, three is none!

(*DANCE, towards end of which Alonzo dances off, L-2*)

GRINGO. I've sketched the whole plan, even to a map, Marie! (*He looks about cautiously, then hands Marie a package. She takes it in her hands, eagerly, but Gringo still keeps his fingers upon it.*) Take it somewhere,—you must not be seen opening it here! Conceal it carefully!

MARIE. Why so nervous, Captain? You are not with the enemy here, you know!

GRINGO (*confused*). Why, no,—of course not! Still . . . (*Marie conceals package in her tunic*). What are you going to do with it?

MARIE. Give it to the General!

GRINGO (*starting*). The General? Why—er—oh, yes, *our* General, of course!

MARIE (*staring at him hard*). You are not quite yourself, are you, Captain?

GRINGO. How can I help being agitated to find myself once more alone with you, Marie? Come, what have you to say?

MARIE. I will first examine the contents of this—(*tapping her tunic*)—and if it is all that I hope and believe, then I am yours!

GRINGO (*about to take her in his arms*). My——

MARIE (*pushing him away, gently*). Cool your ardor, Captain! I am hard to please, you know.

GRINGO. What now?

MARIE. There is one more favor I have to ask of you!

GRINGO. And that is?

MARIE. Jean Piquet is a prisoner. He must be released.

GRINGO. Well?

MARIE. You say you have the secret to Gen. Von Blandenburg's headquarters?

GRINGO. I have shared it with you, Marie!

MARIE. It is reliable?

GRINGO. You doubt me? Why, I tell you I met the General myself, and passed off as one of his own staff!

MARIE. So much the better. Then you will have no difficulty in going to him once more, with a request for Jean's immediate release!

GRINGO. A request? From whom?

MARIE. From me! (*Gringo starts to interrupt.*) Don't pry into my secrets too closely yet, Captain! Gen. Von Blandenburg will know better than to refuse.

GRINGO (*discontentedly*). All this risk for one unimportant soldier? You ask too much.

MARIE (*coldly*). So, then, do you. (*Shrugs her shoulders.*) As you will, Captain. I have told you I was hard to please.

GRINGO (*desperately*). But not too hard for me to please you! I will go. After all, there is no danger.

MARIE. Why should there be? You can employ the same disguise again!

GRINGO. Anything for you, Marie!

MARIE (*going to him and speaking with some affection*). But, pray be careful, Captain! Let them never suspect it was you who led your brave company through the woods and captured the General's favorite son and spoiled his plans to cut off half the French army!

GRINGO (*drawing back*). Who told you that, Marie?

MARIE. It is the talk of our division, Captain! They glory in you and your courage! News like that is bound to leak out among friends. Doubtless the enemy, too, knows it was Capt. Gringo. That's why I'm so anxious about you!

GRINGO. Have no fears. I am known to them as Adjutant G., that is all. They will never connect me with the famous Capt. Gringo. After all, they don't know what he looks like, Marie!

MARIE. That is well! But, nevertheless, I was anxious. (*Gringo embraces her.*) When will you start?

GRINGO. Now! Any time! Where is your letter and the pictures of Jean?

MARIE. I will fetch them for you! Ah, I know you will succeed! And then!——(*Gringo looks radiant, as Marie runs off, R-2. Soldiers, nurses, Tommywaacs, etc., enter, centre and L.*)

No. 19. ENSEMBLE

Chorus

Brave Captain Gringo! Brave Captain Gringo!
 Captain Gringo's back to claim Marie at last!
 Brave Captain Gringo! Brave Captain Gringo!
 Soon Marie will be his bride,—the die is cast!

Gringo

Not yet, my friends!

One journey more,
And when it ends,
I shall return and wedding bells will ring—

Chorus

Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong—
What happiness those wedding bells will bring!
(*Marie enters hurriedly, centre, and goes to Gringo*)

Marie

Here is the package,—
Guard it as your life!
And when you bring Jean back with you,
Marie will be your wife!

(*Gringo takes package and places it in his trench bag*)

Gringo

Once more, farewell!
When but two days have passed,
I shall be back to claim you
For my own at last!

Marie

Brave Captain Gringo!

Chorus

Brave Captain Gringo!
He will soon be back to claim Marie at last!
Brave Captain Gringo! Brave Captain Gringo!
Soon Marie will be his bride,—the die is cast!

(*Gringo kisses Marie's hand and dashes off, centre, as Alonzo comes on, R-2, and Marie throws herself hysterically into his arms. Chorus exeunt, all exits, repeating the last strain, and Marie and Alonzo, who supports her, exeunt, R-2, Music ceases and Col. Piquet and Aunt Josephine enter, L-2.*)

AUNT J. And are you going to allow Marie to marry that unspeakable spy?

COL. P. Softly, Aunt Josephine! We have no proofs.

AUNT J. Proofs! No, indeed! But I vow there *are* proofs, notwithstanding. And I would give one guess who has them.

COL. P. Who?

AUNT J. Marie!

COL. P. You are jesting! Had Marie the proof that Captain Gringo is a traitor, she would never marry him.

AUNT J. That's it. I don't believe she will ever marry that rascal.

COL. P. Then there is no need of *my* interference!

AUNT J. Were I as easily satisfied as you, Colonel, life would have held more roses and fewer weeds for me!

COL. P. (*smiling*). Surely we are both old enough now to perceive that even weeds are useful just as roses are ornamental!

No. 20. DUET (*Col. Piquet and Aunt Josephine*)

Col. P.

There is a garden in which we walk—
The Garden of Life so fair!
Each of us chooses the seeds to sow,
Planting our favorites, row on row
In the garden there!

Aunt J.

Sweet is the Summer of Life we spend
All in that Garden fair—
Sunshine and roses
And all sorts of posies
Bloom ev'rywhere!

Both

But out in this Garden of Roses
There's plenty of work to do!
For ever 'tis needing attention to weeding,—
There's always a weed that is new!
If every weed could be turned to a Rose,
There soon would be nothing to shirk;
Even weeds have their uses,
They need no excuses—
For weeds keep us busy at work!

Aunt J.

Weeds are iniquitous!

Col. P.

Weeds are ubiquitous!

Both

In ev'ry corner they lurk!
If every weed could be turned to a Rose,
There soon would be nothing to shirk.
Weeds! Weeds!
They keep us all busy at work!

(Jean enters suddenly, L-1)

JEAN. Uncle! Aunt Josephine! *(He rushes to them, arms outstretched.)*

COL. P. It is Jean! You have been released so soon?

JEAN. Released? Ha! ha! Yes. I released myself!

AUNT J. You escaped?

JEAN. Easily. The enemy drank too much.

(Enter Alonzo and Frederick, R-2)

You see, nothing can separate us! *(He links arms with the other two boys.)*

ALONZO. Then you don't owe your release to Captain Gringo?

JEAN. To Captain Gringo? What next?

FREDK. He has gone to seek your release.

ALONZO. Yes, he has taken a letter from Mam'zelle Taps begging the General to exchange you or something.

JEAN. Ah, then, perhaps Marie loves me, after all!

FREDK. Not a chance.

AUNT J. But what is all this?

ALONZO. It is true. I saw Mam'zelle Taps do up the package the Captain took with him. She told me it contained a very special appeal and pictures of Jean. But, at that, it was a bulky package.

COL. P. I don't like these dealings with a crafty enemy.

AUNT J. Marie knows what she is doing. Be sure of that! Come, Colonel, let us find her and see what her object may be! *(She leads Col. P. off, R-2. Enter Charlotte and Lizzie, centre. Alonzo approaches them.)*

No. 21. QUINTET (*Alonzo, Frederick, Jean, Charlotte and Lizzie*)
Alonzo

Here is a girl for Frederick, (*takes Lizzie to Fredk.*)
 And here's another nice girl for Jean! (*leads Charlotte to Jean*)

Charlotte and Lizzie

Isn't he bright, and oh! so very quick!

Fredk. and Jean

We'd like to know what you mean!

Alonzo

Here is a girl for you, my boy! (*business*)
 And here is a girl for you! (*business*)
 But never, ah, never a girl for me,—
 No wonder I'm feeling blue!

Charlotte and Lizzie (to Jean and Fredk. respectively)

I am yours and you are mine;
 That's all settled,—now, don't decline!
 Fate has dealt the cards once more—
 See if I'm the one you're looking for!

Jean and Fredk. (to Charlotte and Lizzie respectively)

I am yours and you are mine;
 How the dickens can we decline?
 Yes, the deal is all serene!
 Fate has handed me—(*kiss*)—a Queen!

Alonzo

There's a nice girl for Frederick,
 And there's another nice girl for Jean!

Charlotte and Lizzie

Isn't he bright, and oh! so very quick!

Alonzo

But Fate is a trifle mean!
 You have a girl, dear Frederick,
 And Jean has a nice girl, too;
 But never, ah, never a girl for me,—
 No wonder I'm feeling blue!

All Five

One little, two little, three little, four little,
 Five little would-be lovers!
 Fate has managed to link up four;

Alonzo

Why couldn't Fate find one girl more?

All Five

One little, two little, three little, four little,
 Five little would-be lovers!
 Five little, four little, three little, two little,
 One has been "left," he discovers!

(DANCE)

(Enter Col. Piquet and Aunt Josephine, R-2)

AUNT J. Where can she be?

COL. P. It is just as they said. She will marry Gringo if only to keep her word. Marie could not break a promise, once given.

ALONZO. Colonel, I love your daughter, and I am going to marry her!

AUNT J. (*scornfully*). Vain hope, young man! She is going to wed Captain Gringo as soon as he returns!

(Marie bursts on, L-1, followed by Potter)

MARIE (*triumphantly*). But he will never return!

ALL. *WHAT!* Why?

COL. P. (*agitated*). Ah, Marie, what has happened?

MARIE. It's very simple. Listen! Gringo was a spy and a traitor. He did not hesitate to betray friend and foe alike, which makes him doubly despicable. He has met a just fate at his own hands!

POTTER (*gleefully*). You bet he will!

MARIE. Thanks in large measure to this gentleman here—(*she indicates Potter*)—who helped me with Jean's pictures, you know. (*She smiles significantly at Potter.*) Within a few hours, Gen. Von Blandenburg will open Capt. Gringo's message from me. Oh, yes, it contains a request for Jean's release! Not that I ever believed *that* would do any good. But it contained other matter more—more—

POTTER. More interesting, shall we say?

MARIE. Let me see. (*Business with counting on fingers.*) There was a postscript stating that the bearer was Captain Gringo, the man who was responsible for betraying the General's own son and his staff!

POTTER. A really meaty post-script.

COL. P. Wonderful! But will the enemy believe your word?

MARIE. The enemy doesn't have to. The package also contained a judicious selection of motion-picture film which told the whole story. Gringo appeared in every picture. The enemy will instantly recognize the woods through which he is shown leading his men. They who employed this spy, know he was aware of that secret track. Now they will be glad to find to what use he put his knowledge!

POTTER. Quite overjoyed, I should say.

MARIE. There were other scenes, among them some showing the man making love to me. Faugh! I hate the thought of it! So they'll know I'm telling the truth. Even the enemy has heard of Mam'zelle Taps! Why, they can run the film off if they want to, and Gringo and his friends the enemy can enjoy the show together!

AUNT J. Marie, you are superb!

MARIE. I also returned to the General Gringo's own report on the key to his position and headquarters. They'll recognize his handwriting. The rest is easy to guess. We'll never see anything more of Captain Gringo, spy and traitor! I laid the trap and he walked into it.

POTTER. You were *some* bait, young lady!

MARIE. Well, that's all settled. Now I want to be alone a bit, to think it over!

(Each couple nods to each other and goes off various exits, Potter joining the Colonel and Aunt J. Only Alonzo lingers.)

ALONZO (*near centre exit*). All alone, Mam'zelle Taps?

MARIE (*smiling*). Well, perhaps, it would be *too* lonesome without you!

ALONZO (*coming to her*). You mean that, Marie?

MARIE (*permitting him to catch her in his arms*). It just had to be, didn't it, my American boy?

No. 22. DUET (*Alonzo and Marie*)
Marie

I hear the bells of peace once more,
So joyfully they're ringing!
And in all hearts, so tried and sore,
There comes a singing!
It is the song of Victory—
But, hark! What bells are those
That mingle with the bells of peace
As sunset glows?

Together

They're wedding bells, sweet wedding bells,
For you and me!
Their melody deep joy foretells
For you and me!
The strife of war we'll weather,
And then we'll be together—
For wedding bells will soon ring out
For you and me!

(*Enter, all entrances, all Principals, except, of course, Gringo, and Chorus, singing as they come on.*)

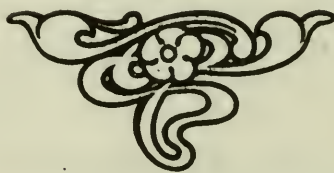
No. 23. FINALE ULTIMO

Chorus

They're wedding bells, sweet wedding bells,
For our Marie!
Their melody deep joy foretells
For our Marie!
The strife of war they'll weather,
And then they'll be together—
The wedding bells will soon ring out
For our own brave Marie!

(CURTAIN)

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